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**Ohio State Engineer**

**Title:** Through the Transit with Doc and Mick

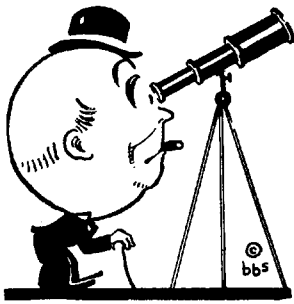
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# THROUGH THE TRANSIT

With Doc and Mick

## SHIVERING OHIO

O come let's sing our ear-muffs' praise  
And songs to thick red flannels raise  
Which keep us free from frost and snow  
And chills which Byrd alone could know.  
When the piercing north wind blows  
And we must freeze our ears and toes  
For eight o'clocks at ten below,  
How dearly we love Ohio!

These chilly days with winds so keen,  
The coldest far we've ever seen,  
Soon will pass and we'll have Spring  
When flowers bloom and birdies sing;  
When summer comes with all its heat,  
And scorching sidewalks burn our feet,  
We may wish for ice and snow;  
How queer thy students, Ohio!

Tho' time cuts down our coalbins' store,  
And stills the power-house's roar,  
We'll think of him who saves us dough  
By cutting costs at Ohio.  
If in class rooms we must freeze,  
We'll think of his economies,  
And our thoughts will melt the snow  
And make it hot at Ohio.

(T. D. L.)

"Hello! Is this the city bridge department?"  
"Yes! What can we do for you?"  
"How many points do you get in a little slam?"

He met her on the stairs,  
It was dark and so he kissed her.  
He said, "Beg pardon, miss,  
I thought it was my sister."  
He held her dainty hand  
Quite glad he hadn't missed her.  
She said, "Pray, don't mention it."  
Ye Gods! It was his sister.

"Who's that smooth platinum blonde you had at the prom, Friday.

"She's the brunet that you had at the house dance last week."

One "Timber Design" student writes: "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a long scratch wound around the other end. A nut is similar to a bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a chunk of iron sawed off short with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

A little green chemist  
On a summer day  
Some chemicals mixed  
In a little green way.  
And now the green grasses  
Tenderly wave  
O'er the chemist's  
Little green grave.

Bill Robinson: "I live by my wits."  
Fritz Haag: "You look hungry."

First Seasick Youngster (leaning over the rail):  
"What's the matter, Joe, have you got a weak stomach?"  
His Partner: "Weak nothing, I'm gettin' as much distance as you are."

"Why don't you buy one of those knee-action cars?"  
"I've had so much trouble keeping this old flivver in the road with both hands, I know I couldn't drive one with my knees."

In Washington they tell a story of a golfing clergyman who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner 30 years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said, "remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."  
"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

"Hasn't Karl Culler any object in his life?"  
"Yes, he's devoting himself to proving the futility of existence."

Editor: "Do you know how to run a magazine?"  
"No, sir."  
Editor: "Well, I'll try you. I guess you've had experience."

A mechanical engineering instructor in conversation with a non-mechanical engineering student about the latter's laboratory report.

Instructor—"My boy, your punctuation and grammar are something fierce."

Student—"Then there is no hope for me?"

Instructor—"Sure there is; try dialect stories."